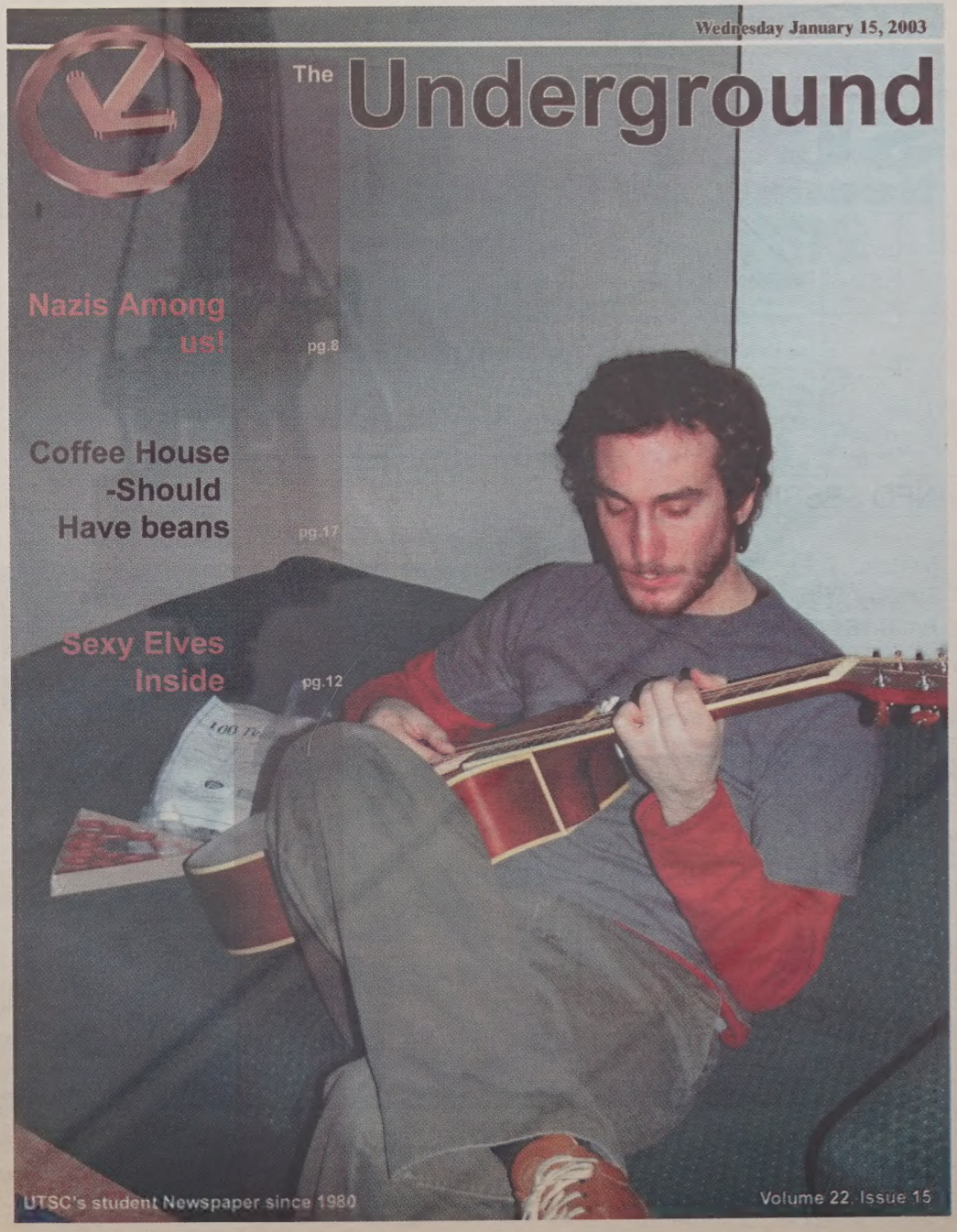
Sci. 001

Wednesday January 15, 2003

The Underground



Nazis Among us! pg.8

Coffee House -Should Have beans pg.17

Sexy Elves Inside pg.12

UTSC's student Newspaper since 1980

Volume 22, Issue 15

SCSP
Needs You!

SCSP (Scarborough Campus Student Press) is currently looking for new members for it's Board of Directors. Anyone who is interested should contact the Underground for further details.

phone: 416.287.7054
fax: 416.287.7055
email: c_mckinn@hotmail.com

INFO SESSION:

5:00pm
January 15th, 2003
Rm S-364 (The Portable)
for real this time...

FELLOWSHIP IN ADVANCEMENT
at
THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Are you a recent or soon-to-be graduate?

Are you interested in a career that involves:

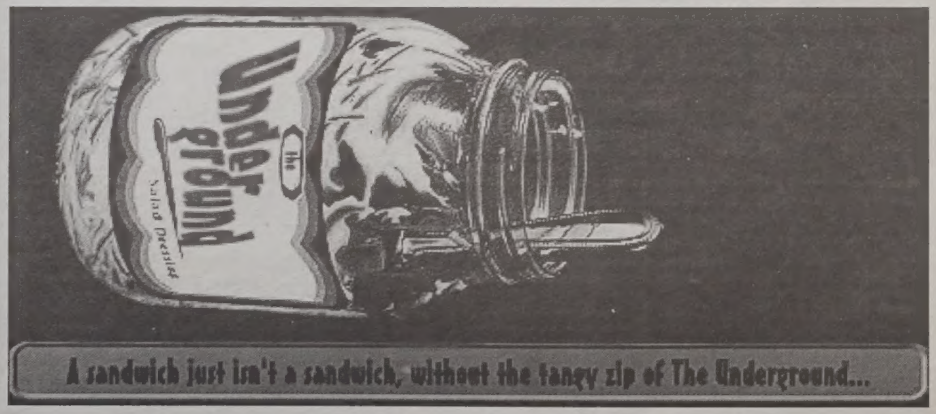
* MARKETING
* PUBLIC RELATIONS
* SPECIAL EVENT and VOLUNTEER MANAGEMENT
* COMMUNICATIONS
* PHILANTHROPY

Are you interested in helping the University of Toronto rank among the leading international public research Universities?

If so, consider the field of Advancement. Advancement is the term used to describe the activities of fundraising, alumni and public relations that help to harness the financial and human resources required to advance the goals of the University. It's a rapidly growing field filled with exciting opportunities.

The University of Toronto is looking for highly motivated candidates who are committed to higher education, voluntarism and philanthropy for a 12 month internship starting in September 2003.

Application deadline: Friday February 28, 2003
Visit : www.alumni.utoronto.ca/stayconnected/career.htm
Paper copies of the application form are available at the front desk.
J. Robert S. Prichard Building
21 King's College Circle
between 9:00am – 5:00pm
or contact **Karen Papazian at (416) 946-8371** or
karen.papazian@utoronto.ca



The Underground

Editor-in-Chief	Chris McKinnon
Associate Editors	Sachin Hingoo
Production Manager	Greg Brown
Associate Production Manager	James Relunia
News Editors	Gordon Lane Dan Sharpe
Arts Editor	Keith Friedlander
Life Editor	Christian Lucier
Graphics Editor	Greg Brown
On-Line Editor	Mario Kangeswaren
Advertising Manager	Susie Lopes
Accounting Manager	Michelle Ng
Accounting Assistants	Juliana Lam Millie Ng

Staff Writers:
Meghan Hurley, Kelly Lisle, Merika Ramundo, Andrew C. Epstein, Lisa Endersby, Ayshia Degia, Sarah Barmak, Veronica Lo, Rob Chung

Contributors:
David Hale, Julianne Baragar

Special thanks to guest Art Director, John Loerchner, for the fancy-schmancy cover-design. Send gifts to John, c/o The Underground, at the address below and somewhat to the right.

Letters and Opinions Policy

At **The Underground** we love unsolicited material, especially letters and opinion pieces. Should such material be typed or printed and delivered to **The Underground**'s snazzy portable by or before noon on the Friday prior to the desired publication date, we will more than likely print it. We kindly ask that submissions be of 800 words or less and that they include the writer's name and student number.

Submissions become the property of **The Underground** and may or may not be published at the whim of *The Editorial Board*. *The Board* reserves the right to poke fun at submissions, post them on the wall in **The Underground**'s snazzy portable (for the enjoyment of our staff and guests) or alter them in print in any way provided it is so acknowledged. By submission, authors implicitly bow down to the total editorial control of *The Editorial Board* and freely consent to the addition witty comments and criticisms (especially in the case of libelous or malicious submissions) courtesy of the snarky editors.

For a more official-sounding **Letters and Opinions Policy** contact ***undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca***

The Underground is published by the Scarborough Campus Student Press, a non-profit corporation. It is funded by way of a direct levy to students of the University of Toronto Scarborough Campus, and through local and national advertising. **The Underground** is a member of **Canadian University Press (CUP)**.

contents

contents

We can't get enough of this sexy elf...

p.12

The Provost was here...

Guess what she said? p.7

Also in this Issue:

Editorial / Letter p.4
Comments p.5

The News in Brief... p.6

Other News (or Views)
ARA Workshops are scary p.8

Arts
Normality **at U of T Drama Fest** p.16

Review
Chronic p.16

Events Listings p.19

Life
Drama Society Talent Night p.17
Getting off with good study habits p.18

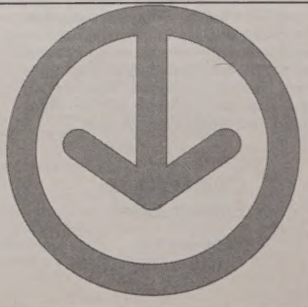
Columns
Weekly Haiku p.7
Satan's Bakesale p.12

Groundworks p.14
(A sci-fi adventure, by David Hale)

Contacting the Underground Staff (and other robotic sex-monkeys. . .)

For all inquiries, please use the contact information below. We also really, really like presents and small tokens of affection.

Mail: The Underground, U of T Scarborough
1265 Military Trail, Room S-364 (in the portable)
Scarborough, ON
M1C 1A4
Phone: 416.287.7054
Fax: 416.287.7055
Email: undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca
Web: http://www.scar.utoronto.ca/~undergnd/



editorial letters

Free Speech Rules, Nazis Drool!!

It seems like I've had race on the brain this week… I significant portion of the content in this issue is related in one way or another to what we like to call "race". Whether it's the races of elves and dwarves, or UTSC's "diversity", Nazis, or what-have-you…

Three editors from this newspaper attended some anti-racism workshops this past weekend. We told a lot of people about it, published an ad and an article in last week's issue, and hoped that we wouldn't be the only people to show up there. One other soul from UTSC put in an appearance. We all took home a really decent blueprint for an anti-racism workshop, and a keen sense of being unfulfilled.

It wasn't just that none of the workshop's organizers were people of colour. Even if they were all white, they could talk about racism, though they couldn't give first-hand experiences of oppression. It wasn't just that they spent more than 75% of the afternoon warning us that there are fascists and Nazis among us, or the giddy tone with which they recounted tales of "confronting" fascists and skinheads, often in violent fashion. Nazis could very well be organizing covertly in Scarborough, as the ARA would have us believe.

No, what left the queasiest feeling in my stomach after everything was said and done, was that a militant, alarmist, sometimes violent group of activists and fearmongers felt that they have every right to "expose" Nazis and fascists… Not just by outing them in the media, or posting (an anonymous) website with the names and pictures of prominent fascist organizers. Not by confronting them with well-reasoned debate. But by striking fear into their hearts, by showing up on some Nazi's doorstep with 200 of your angriest, most militant friends.

I have always been a proponent of free speech. I will stand behind your right to speak your mind, even if I hate what you're saying, even if I think you're stupid or unreasonable. I'll stand behind your right to speak, it seems, even if you're a Nazi… And as much as it pains me to say that, I really do mean it. Because I would not stand for 200 Nazis showing up on my doorstep to prevent me from spreading the ideas of multi-culturalism, or cultural pluralism, or minority rights, or affirmative action, or queer rights.

By scaring fascists, Nazis and other extremists, we only drive them under ground. Hearing them out, and then defeating them with reason and words and facts and arguments is a surer way. We do not legitimize Nazi philosophies by allowing them to exist… If anything, we do them a greater disservice by considering them rationally, and then rejecting them, not out of hand, but out of reason.

Chris McKinnon
Editor in Chief

Insert catchy title here

A letter to Chris McKinnon:

You do not amuse me. I find you arrogant and solipsistic. Your self-referential writing makes me long for the verse of past editors Tim Soucie and Nadia Alam.

None of this bothers me, however, as much as the hypocricy with which you espouse your thoughts. Two years ago, as the Underground's Arts Editor, I had doubts concerning the editorial-inverse. A letter from an undergraduate student, though, praising then editor-in-chief, Nadia Alam's style and metaphor turned my quiet discontent into pleasure. Her symbolism struck a chord.

The letter was yours, Chris. All who have devoted time and toil to the production of the Underground care for and respect the paper and its history. We worked for the student body, the student voice, and the aesthetic of our art. You, it appears, work for yourself, as is apparent by your inconceivable ignorance of the fact that this profoundly touching student medium, the Underground, is inherited and shared, not burnt, pillaged, and rebuilt each year.

Please care for the paper and for the interests upon which it was founded and preserved, Chris. It means much to many.

Ted Christou

About the Cover

Noyan (a.k.a. noyz) makes a guest appearance at the Drama Society Talent Night last Wednesday. See noyz perform at the The Horseshoe Tavern later this month. www.noyz.8m.com

"What is voting if not a kind of prayer, and what are prayers if not declarations of hope and desire?" - Sarah Vowell

comments

The Great UTSC Community Debate Continues...

by Rob Chung
Underground Staff

This is my response to Christian Lucier's article on the lack of community at UTSC written a few issues ago. And no, for those of you that were morally offended by his perhaps negative, even pessimistic view of our school community, I don't intend to mend the wounds you received from his "attack" on our school and the attitudes that determine what kind of school this is. Even though I may alienate even more of you, I believe just as strongly as Christian that there is something lacking, something that our school environment does not and cannot support in its current state. And that something which I greatly desire, which Christian also yearns for, is a sense of community within the school and its population.

What people have been telling me is that Christian's article on community seemed to have misunderstood the whole idea of "diversity" at UTSC. Diversity, the heterogeneity of cultures that attend UTSC, are something that makes our campus very unique and interesting, which in turn is something that we should all value. Maybe the last article did not acknowledge the value of such diversity enough. Such things are possible. I believe that it perhaps misconstrued the difference between accepting and celebrating differences, and allowing such differences to separate and segregate members of our school community. Nevertheless, it is my goal to reiterate the point that my colleague attempted to make, one that many of you have misinterpreted as having "missed the point."

The whole purpose of diversity and accepting diversity in a place like UTSC is to acknowledge the fact that people of different cultures, different religions, different ideas, differing tastes in music or art or food, can co-exist in a spirit of co-operation and solidarity. We look at others and accept who they are and what they believe because of the similarities we all share. The immense differences that we see in others should not serve to fracture the common bond that unites every person that attends UTSC. But when I look around me, I don't see people acknowledging differences while embracing similarities. Only diversity seems to be recognized, while similarities seem ignored. This emphasis on differences, which our school seems to celebrate, is what I ascertained as the focus of the previous article about the lack of community.

The other point that the other article made was that the number of clubs and organizations at UTSC exist only to segregate the student population by specific, exclusive denominations, thereby destroying any sense that we exist together as one body - a student body which shares in all of the tribulations that UTSC attempts to impose on us. Again, let me reiterate: I have no problem with clubs that allow people with shared cultures, interests and ideas to get together. Many UTSC associations give people who qualify a forum where their similarities can give them a sense of community. The problem is that the sense of community achieved by these individual clubs cannot be extended to every person who attends the school because of the "diversity" that divides us.

Thus, as mentioned by the previous article, events are planned and hosted by individual clubs, and very rarely are we ALL really invited to events that are meant to be attended by any student at the school. Those that represent the entire student body, the UTSC student council, whatever they are called, seems nonexistent. And my sincere apologies go to those who tirelessly work on this council, because it might be my own fault that I never hear of fun, extra-curricular events planned by them. Maybe the problem is communication or marketing. Maybe a sense of school community has nothing to do with extra-curricular events that bring people together to have fun instead of working on academic goals. Or maybe no one really cares or wants to participate in events run by Student Council, and I'm being terribly naive in thinking that a sense of community is even important.

Perhaps, and it is very possible, the lack of community I sense at UTSC is a figment of my imagination. Also likely is that there is a strong sense of community that I cannot or choose not to experience. And if that is the case, I'm sorry I wasted your time with this. But if there are others out there in the dark, lonely, concrete slums of UTSC who feel like all the faces you see around you are cold and unwelcoming, I hope that you find those few students that you can form your own club with, so that you will at least have those few to share your experiences with, amidst the thousands that surround you.

Linguists, Why Do You Suck?

by Sachin Hingoo
Associate Editor

Many before me have decried the breakdown of language in our society, even here in this paper. With "bling bling" and "sketchy" becoming part of our daily usage (okay, *my* daily usage), many feel that it's time for someone to step in. And who better than the cream of the linguist crop, the American Dialect Society? Your pals at the Society have already chosen 2002's "Word Of The Year". For those of you that had your fingers crossed for such gems as "blog" (as in "weblog"), or my pick, "neuticles" (prosthetic nuts for your neutered pets) to win the big prize, keep dreaming. This year's winner is none other than, wait for it, "Weapons of Mass Destruction". What's that? That's four words? Not according to the Dialect Society, apparently. But then, these are the same people who voted "9/11" (a number!) as 'word' of the year for 2001. Sure, they're both significant I suppose (name a word/phrase that you've heard more often in the past year), but come on, you'd think that of all people, linguists would choose, I don't know, a word for their word of the year. Of course, there isn't the heated battle or debate over this title, it's simply decided by a show of hands. You kind of expect more from an organization that's been around since 1889.

But it also seems that like last year, many, if not most of the nominated words are directly related to the "War on Terror". This, of course, directly informs us about what's been on people's minds for the past twelve months, and it shouldn't come as any kind of surprise that it's Mr. Hussein and his alleged bag of tricks.

The News In Brief...

UTSC fishing for a new Principal

The search is underway for the next Principal of UTSC. Provost Shirley Neuman assured us that, while the process itself is confidential, the University of Toronto is casting its net far and wide (ie. internationally) in search of the best possible candidates. Of primary concern in the creation of the candidates short-list will be finding prospects that can "connect with the larger community". Can you say: "A principal that isn't white and male?" We can.

University of Guelph secretive about search for new President

Student government and community members at the University of Guelph are up in arms over the U of G Board of Governors decision to conduct its search for a new President behind closed doors. Calls for the Board to publish its short-list of potential candidates were met with rebuke. "I find it profoundly disturbing that a decision of this magnitude is being made behind closed doors," commented, Dave Hauch, Communications Commissioner of the University of Guelph Central Student Association. "The whole selection process has been fraught with problems." U of G's Board of Directors voted on the final selection of a new President last Wednesday, January 8th, in secret.

SCSU elections around the corner

The Scarborough Campus Students' Union will be accepting nominations for next year's council. All the positions are up for grabs... Who will come out for the coveted position of SCSU President? We wait with baited breath... Nomination period opens January 28th.

New parking spaces in Outer-lot

A couple thousand parking spots will be added to the outer lot for September 2003. Approximately 1000 of these spaces will go to Centennial College, which is going to be making about 40% of the cost. UTSC will be paying the other 60%, for a total of approximately $8.2 million. Safety concerns for the increased pedestrian traffic have led to talk about building a footbridge over Ellesmere near 3rd phase residences. This would mean that you would no longer have to cross at the lights, but that instead you could cross at the bridge. Bridge plans are on a temporary hold due to financial constraints. As the new north lots are being build on a former dumpsite, there will be significant costs entailed in the environmental clean-up.

Student Centre breaks ground in April

The much anticipated groundbreaking for the new UTSC Student Centre will be taking place sometime between April 1st to April 3rd. However, the fun doesn't stop there. Even though its going to be quite some time before we get to see the finished centre, SCSU will be starting the celebrations early with a Groundbreaking Ceremony. The ceremony will be followed with the greatest party to ever hit Scarborough. The party will be held either in the meeting place or if the weather permits it will be held outside on-site, with lots of foods, drinks.

H-Wing Café to be renovated

Our "beloved" H-wing café will undergo a major face-lift coming this summer. The cafeteria will be converted to a "marché" style in order to accommodate the increased number of students at UTSC. With the renovations, expect a new menu with new and even more exciting varieties of foods, a welcome addition to our usual favourites of burgers, fries, and pizza.

UTSC tells Management to suck it up...

Despite protests from the Division of Management, MESA, and Mangement students, the UTSC Academic Committee reaffirmed its commitment to the implementation of an Academic Year with three 12-week terms. The Division of Management worried that changes to current summer course offerings might negatively impact the academic, career, and personal plans of students. In an open-letter to Management students (which can be found at http://www.utsc.utoronto.ca/~scsu/news/trimester.shtml) Principal Paul Thompson assured that the faculty of the Division of Management were revising their summer course offerings to fit the new summer trimester. The proposal for the Division of Management's new summer curriculum will be presented at the Academic Committee meeting on Tuesday, January 14th. A copy of the proposal can be found at http://www.scar.utoronto.ca/~mgmt/programs/summer.html.

Drama Society Talent Night fills the Village Centre

Last Wednesday night the Student Village Centre was packed with talent-hungry rez-rats and drama-crew alike. The talent night might not have found us a new Canadian Idol, but it did find some serious entertainment. Next time, we'll have it with the sauce... Find more on the talent night on page 17.

Gordon Lane and Dan Sharpe
News Editors
brokennewseditors@hotmail.com

With files and research by Chris McKinnon and Marjan Tehrani

U of T Provost Neuman visits UTSC, speaks about Academic Planning

Last Tuesday, a special meeting of UTSC's College Council was held. U of T Vice-President and Provost Shirley Neuman was on hand to speak about the university's new academic planning exercise, currently referred to as Academic Planning 2003.

The process of academic planning will help the university to keep moving forward with its priority of "becoming one of the world's best public research universities." To this end, the VP/Provost has published a series of "green papers," which in matters of public policy are considered something like a "pre-first-draft", designed to stimulate discussion and provide focus for debate on where, exactly, the university's priorities will lie in future budgets and policy creation.

The green-papers represent the very initial stages of the new round of academic planning, and serve as a jumping-off point for discussion that will become future policy. The Provost will be holding several Town Hall meetings over the next 6 weeks, to take input from staff, faculty, students and community-members. Find the green papers at http://www.utoronto.ca/plan2003.

Discussion is set to focus on academic freedom and responsibility, improving the student experience (partially through improving diversity within the faculty, staff, and student body), making education accessible, and increasing interdisciplinary research and teaching.

Neuman also spoke about the budget she released last November. Poor stock market performance for U of T's portfolio and government funding that has remained unchanged since the early 1990s have resulted in budget cutbacks for November's budget. The shrinking of U of T's basic income has been compounded by other exceptional stressors, such as the impending double-cohort, commitments to new construction projects, the implementation of trimestering and other significant one-time expenditures. Despite these complications, Neuman remains positive. "Academic planning should drive the budget [. . .] not the other way around."

Neuman also believes that future budgets will be aided by one-time-only cash infusions, such as the newly announced second-round of SuperBuild funding. The Provost went even further, saying that any future SuperBuild funding received by U of T would go to the satellite campuses. U of T's tri-campus plan calls for the majority of future growth to be primarily slated for UTSC and UTM.

weekly haiku

by sachin hingoo

we walked in the woods
birds chirped and flowers bloomed
THEN, THE BEES ATTACKED

TOWN HALL MEETINGS ON ACADEMIC PLANNING

The Provost's Office launched the next academic planning process in mid December by posting "green papers" at **http://www.utoronto.ca/plan2003**. A "green paper" is issued for a consultative phase that precedes the drafting of a planning or policy document. The "green paper" phase of planning aims to elicit campus-wide discussion about priorities for the next academic plan. The green papers have also been published in the January 13th issue of the Bulletin.

During January and February, Provost Shirley Neuman will be holding a series of Town Hall meetings to discuss the "green papers". This is an opportunity for all members of the University community to contribute their ideas and their sense of priorities to the academic planning process. **Please encourage your faculty colleagues, and your graduate and undergraduate students to attend one of these meetings and please attend yourself.** All members of the University—students, faculty, staff and alumni—are strongly encouraged to participate in one or more of these fora to share their questions, ideas and responses with each other and the Provost.

Following this consultation, a draft academic plan for the 2003-2009 period will be drafted. It will be circulated for further discussion before being taken to Governing Council in late spring.

The calendar for the Town Hall meetings follows:

Friday, January 10, 2003
2:30 pm - 4:00 pm
Innis College, Town Hall, Room 112
2 Sussex Avenue

Tuesday, January 14, 2003
10:00 am - 11:30 am
Medical Science Building
MacLeod Auditorium, Room 2158
1 King's College Circle

Wednesday, January 15, 2003
4:00 pm - 5:30 pm
Victoria University
Isabel Bader Theatre
93 Charles Street

Thursday, January 16, 2003
9:00 am - 10:30 am
Bahen Centre Information Technology
Auditorium, Room 1160
40 St. George Street

Monday, January 20, 2003
1:00 pm - 2:30 pm
University College
Room 140
15 King's College Circle

Friday, January 24, 2003
1:00 pm - 2:30 pm
University of Toronto at Mississauga
Matthews Auditorium
Kaneff Centre, Room 137
3359 Mississauga Road North

Monday, January 27, 2003
2:00 pm - 3:30 pm
Trinity College
George Ignatieff Theatre
15 Devonshire Place

Wednesday, January 29, 2003
9:00 am - 10:30 am
St. Michael's College
Alumni Hall, Room 100
121 St. Joseph Street

Friday, January 31, 2003
10:00 am - 11:30 am
Earth Sciences Centre, Room 1050
25 Wilcocks Street

Monday, February 3, 2003
9:00 am - 10:30 am
OISE/UT
Auditorium, Room G162
252 Bloor Street West

Wednesday, February 5, 2003
3:00 pm - 4:30 pm
University of Toronto at Scarborough
Humanities Wing, 2nd floor, Room 216
1265 Military Trail

Friday, February 14, 2003
10:00 am- 11:30 am
New College
Wilson Hall Amphitheatre, Room 1016
30 Wilcocks Street

news

Anti-Racist Action Workshops Disappoint and Frighten

by Sachin Hingoo
Associate Editor

On Saturday January 11, several members of The Underground's staff ventured into the crack-addicted wasteland of Queen Street East, in an effort to learn just how bigoted we really are. Surrounded by punks, activists, and other people who wear cargo pants, the issue of racism was debated in every which-way by a curiously all-white panel of speakers. Indeed, does it say something about the legitimacy of Anti-Racist Action Toronto's stance when their group is hardly supported by people of different ethnicities? Can members of the dominant culture effectively discuss racism and oppression with any validity without the views of the oppressed?

The ARA's views and practices are well-meaning, but often irrational. Despite the fairly well thought out "Anti-Racism DIY" workshop, the group spent most of the afternoon denouncing the "growing organization of a fascist presence". The extremist viewpoints ARA members spouted were not helped any byt the fact that none of the ARA members or organizers were people of colour.

The ARA encourages physical violence against white supremacists and other oppressive groups and at the same time, ARA organizers were quick to dismiss "debate" as "beating a dead horse". Most striking was a statement by one of the organizers which called for us to "gather 200 of our friends and protest on the lawns of Nazi sympathizers" in an effort to 'out' them to their neighbors. On the surface, this may seem okay with you, but there is a greater issue at hand here. A group that actively vandalizes a hotel for holding a neo-Nazi conference (as was reported in an ARA publication last year, find it at **http://www.web.net/~ara/OTP/OTP19/fromm.htm**), destroying reams of literature and hundreds of dollars worth of property is clearly not a group that is comfortable with the idea that you or I might actually form an opinion of our own. That's something I have a problem with; it is tantamount to insulting my intelligence by saying that I'm too stupid to judge fascist literature as-such. ARA members actually consider themselves to be benevolent censors. It is my contention that *anyone*, regardless of his or her opinions or beliefs, should be allowed to express themselves, if only to have their opinions 'put out there' so that they can be debated. Freedom of speech and expression is an idea that I hold very dear, and to say that, while encouraging the silencing of *any* group, even fascists, would make me a hypocrite. Almost as hypocritical as the ARA, which claims education as one of its goals despite contending that any attempt to argue or debate with a fascist organization is a waste of time. If this is true, then what is the purpose of these workshops other than propaganda for the ARA?

With their often violent and militant actions, the ARA has forced the police - and *me* - to defend the rights of Nazis, and that has been the most profoundly disturbing thing about this event. By stooping to the level of those that the ARA is trying to "oppose and confront", their organization has proven to me, and the other Underground staff members that attended this event, that they are no better than the fascist organizations that they despise so much.

You said it...

The ARA told us Nazis are organizing in Scarborough... We asked you: Have you ever seen a skin-head in Scarborough?

Name: Dipali Patel
Year: 3

"No."

Name: Askan Fadaiefard
Year: 3

"No."

Name: Vani Jeyarajah (left), Tia Siva (right)
Year: 1 (both)

"No." (both)

Name: Krista Watson
Year: 3

"I don't think so."

Name: Nasr Dastgir
Year: 1

"Yes, which one are you looking for?"*

*He thought we were talking about bald guys... When we asked "Neo-Nazis?" he said: "No."

UNDERGROUND TEXTS

Tired of **students ripping down your ads**, although they are stamped...

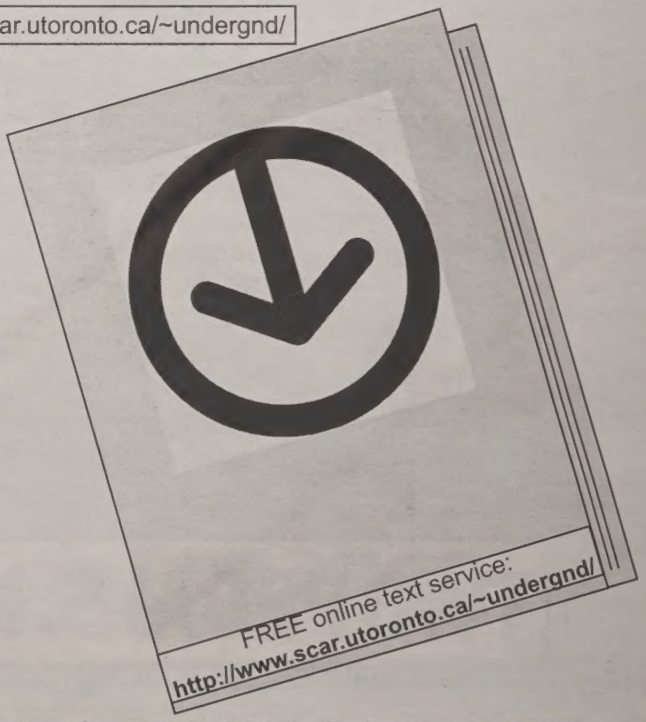
Don't want to **walk over to the board everyday** and search for text book ads...

Tired of **spending time making and posting up** ads...

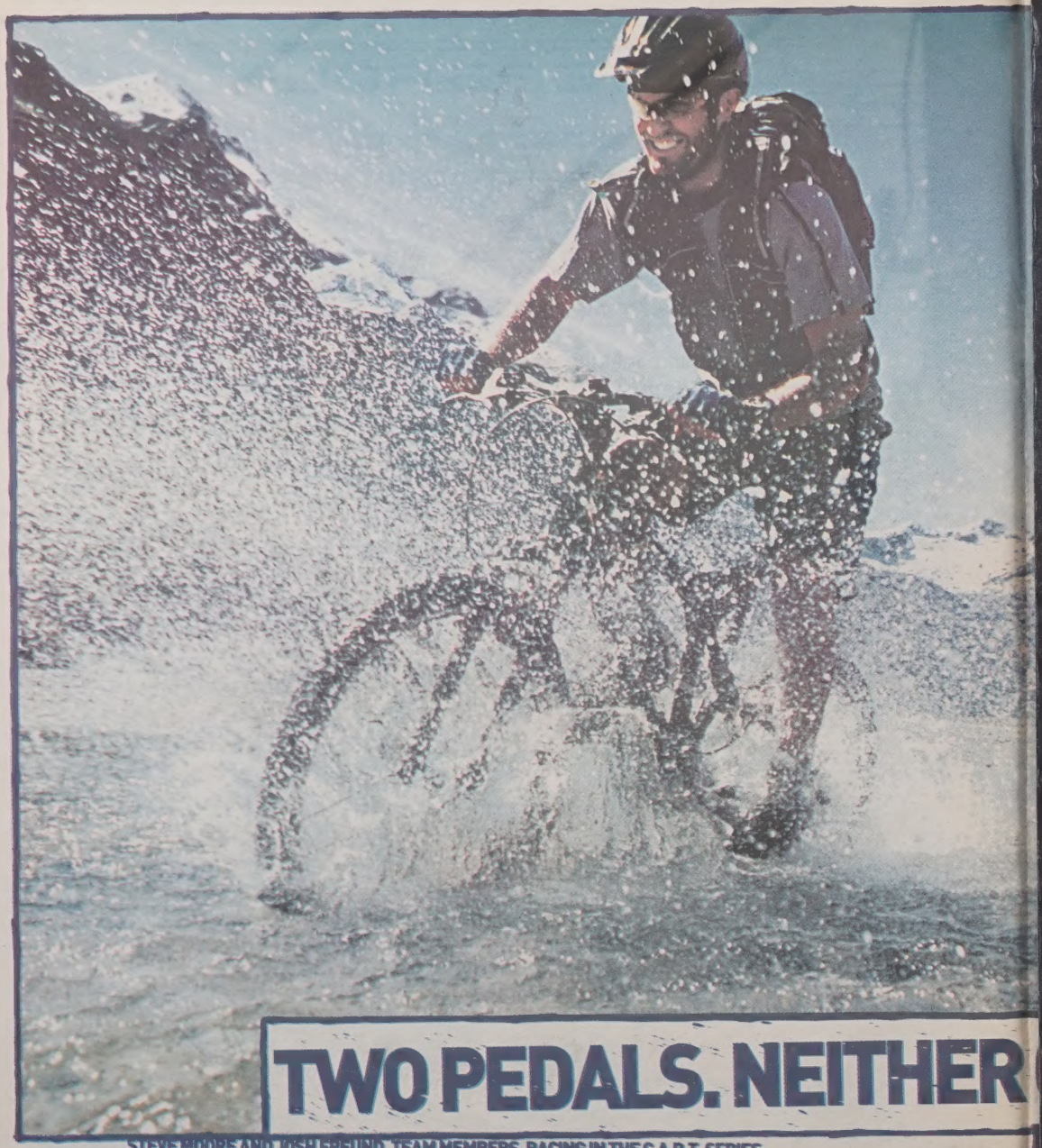
" UTSC students deserve their own collective text book ad website!!! "

So don't bother wasting your valuable time, just remember this simple website:

http://www.scar.utoronto.ca/~undergnd/



FREE text service courtesy of UTSC's offical newspaper **The Underground**



TWO PEDALS. NEITHER

STEVE MOORE AND JOSH FREUND, TEAM MEMBERS, RACING IN THE C.A.R.T. SERIES.

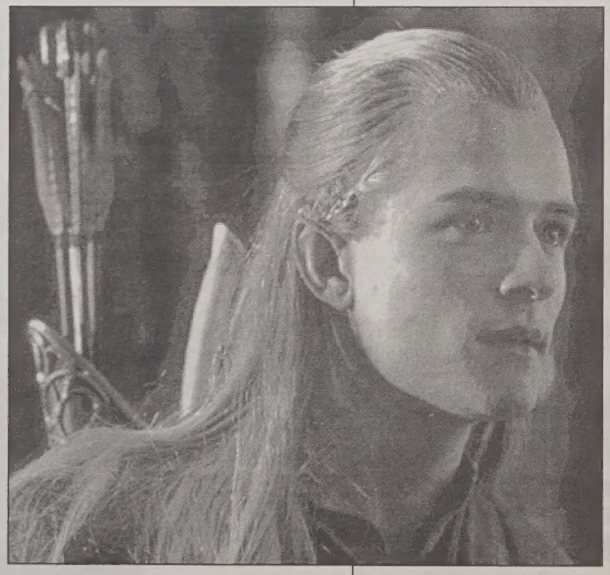
It's your world
ONE IS A BRAKE. NICE.
TeamPlayers.ca

My, Elvish Love

Or the rise and fall of the third age of middle-earth

Satan's Bakesale
Andrew C. Epstein, (TLOD)

> *"The idealized version of the Aryan man and woman were created to appear extremely sexually appealing. After all, what kind of "master race" would claim that it's ancestors were ugly?"*



That look of concern is unmistakably beautiful as it moves like cool spring air over his face... or something like that. I've never been one to describe someone's physical attributes in any remotely eloquent way. However it seems that many, including myself, have found pleasure in gazing at the one that we geeks all know as Legolas. The character, brought to life in J.R.R. Tolkiens *Lord of the Rings*, now has a rather stunning face, thanks to actor Orlando Bloom and some prosthetic ears.

In more recent conversations I found that I was not the only one to possess an admiration for this woodland elf. In fact many people, regardless of sexual orientation, find Legolas just as engaging as I do. His piercing stare, his calm collective nature in the face of imminent peril (not to mention his subtle flirtatious manner) makes him an all around surreal sex-symbol. But why does Legolas look so fair? The answer to this question lies within both the text of *Lord of the Rings* along with the two recently-released films. The answer actually pertains to something that in today's society has become rather looked down upon. There are some strange racial metaphors at work and they create a bizarre universe that is trying to tell us something. I'll admit that I am unsure of the overall message inherent in the books and films, but I'll do my best to make sense of it all.

I would like to point out (because some people think that I like to cause controversy just for the sake of doing so), that this is in no way meant to simply just outrage people. Like anything I do, say or write it's meant to inspire thought and discussion. So before you get upset over this trifle of a column just think over what I have to say first. All that follows has been derived from both the text and films of *Lord of the Rings* combined.

The Tolkien universe is unlike any other that exists in popular culture. That's because it is a distinctly Aryan universe. The modern idea of the Aryan arose when Hitler came to power in Germany. Hitler claimed that the German peoples were descended from a great race called the Aryans who were noble, wise, and extremely successful conquerors. There were supposed to be tall and slender with blond hair and blue eyes, and were also rather athletic. This is why when Jesse Owens (a black American track star) defeated German athletes at the Berlin Olympic games, Hitler became rather enraged over what he saw as a victory over the Aryan race that he had fought so hard to create (out of thin air). The real Aryans were in fact closely related to Hindu and Buddhist ancestors and in fact have no real connection to any kind of white European. The Aryan philosophy is, to begin with, extremely silly because such a race never existed. But there is a very strange a very strange and often erotic bi-product of all of this. The idealized version of the Aryan man and woman were created to appear extremely sexually appealing. After all, what kind of "master race" would claim that it's ancestors were ugly?

Where is this leading? Right into the world of Middle-Earth where *Lord of the Rings* came alive and Tolkien created a huge Aryan universe.

Let's start with our good friends the Elves (including our good-looking friend

Legolas), who appear to represent the Aryans. Physically, the elves are mostly fair-haired and light skinned, slender, and rather athletic. They are the wisest of all beings on Middle-Earth. They are immortal, and they have an uncanny understanding of how the forces of the land work. They are in tune with nature and often have the gift of foresight. In other words, they are the master race. Oh and one more thing, they don't get along with the Dwarves very well...

The Dwarves would represent the Jews in relation to the Aryan philosophy. Physically they are shorter than most, have large noses, huge beards, and two braids that extend from either side of their heads, which always seems to be covered. They really don't care much for the affairs of outsiders, and their main passion lies in the pursuit of wealth beneath the Earth. But that is nothing compared to a certain group under the service of evil.

The Uruk-Hai are the orc/goblin mercenaries that were created by the evil wizard Saruman, and have distinct physical resemblances to black people. Physically they are taller, with large upper bodies. Their skin is... well it's black, and for some reason they seem to have dreadlocks. They are controlled by not just any white man, but the whitest of all men: Saruman (who is, indeed, called Saruman the White.) They are bred for ruthless killing, which is what they enjoy the most, and they are incapable of feeling anything but a ruthless bloodlust.

But what did Tolkien mean by all this? Was he a white supremacist who managed to push his Aryan world into the mainstream? I don't believe that to be the case because there are some major contradictions in the text and films. Does it seem rather obvious that Tolkien favoured white people? Absolutely. But that doesn't mean he wanted some sort of racial war. In fact, I would say that he wanted the complete opposite.

First off, Legolas and Gimli become best friends. Certainly a white supremacist and Jew being friends kind of puts my theory on the back-burner. But then again, their friendship arises out of some rather odd circumstances. Gimli and Legolas become friends after Gimli is smitten by the beauty of the elf queen Galadriel, afterwhich he becomes known as Gimli The Elf Friend. Ah I see, so elves and dwarves **can** become friends, but only if the dwarf becomes more like the elf. So it seems that Tolkien did want Aryans and Jews to get along, even if he still believed in Aryan superiority.

"So it seems that Tolkien did want Aryans and Jews to get along, even if he still believed in Aryan superiority."

But what of the Uruk-Hai? Well after the defeat of the evil forces (don't act like I spoiled anything, it's not like you expected them to win did you?), those who weren't killed became a scattered and nomadic people, wandering the outskirts or dark places of Middle-Earth. What this means in relation to black people I don't really know, or maybe I just don't want to believe that a story that has brought me so much joy would really imply anything like that.

There are other instances of Aryan reference, mostly in the films.

If you think that Saruman **isn't** making something that resembles a Nazi salute while addressing his troops, then you need to get your eyes checked. But these are more interpretations of the original story and not really all that relevant.

Some people have tried to tell me that all this is just one giant coincidence. Well coincidence is something that I just don't believe in. Despite all that I want to make it exceedingly clear that I love everything that surrounds *Lord of the Rings*. A story so elaborate and huge is a wonderful thing to bounce off your imagination. Perhaps it's my jaded nature but I find the racial metaphors to be wonderfully amusing, because of the general end of the story.

In the end the race of men (the gender roles of the text and films I'll get into some other day), rises to power and Middle-Earth flows into an age of prosperity and peace. While slowly but surely, the other races quietly disappear from the face of the Earth. This is why I believe that the racial metaphors are meant to represent the disappearance of hatred, bigotry, and genocide. This is because in the story, a society is achieved where the nature of your being is irrelevant, and beings from all walks of like co-exist in peace and harmony, which was not the case before. All that's left are human beings, coexisting and living in peace. So perhaps the real idealism that Tolkien wanted to promote is made up of something that many of us want to achieve, but will probably never come to pass.

"They are controlled by not just any white man, but the whitest of all men: Saruman (who is, indeed, called Saruman the White.)"

groundworks

groundworks

Burn-Out

David Hale

The figure pulled his long coat tighter around his body. The cold night air tugged at the folds making the knee-length jacket flare briefly before settling again. Turning he strode slowly down the cracked sidewalk, his head humming slightly as the buzz from the cheap synthahol was beginning to fade. He caught a glimpse of his tired visage out of the corner of his eye. His reflection peered up at him from the dingy tinted window of the abandoned Ford Americar. Dark circles beneath his half squinting eyes set off an eerie contrast to the pallor of his lined face. His dark hair, that was graying slightly, was mussed from the wind and his recent street life. His chin was covered by a scruffy beard that was growing in somewhat lopsided. He sneered tiredly at his haggard reflection. It had been days since he had slept for more than a few hours. A mix of stimulants and paranoia forced him to wander aimlessly.

He looked up over the low roof of the car as the sound of gunfire crackled somewhere off in the distance. His hand went instinctively into his jacket, grimy fingers curling around the butt of his Salvalette Guardian. The smartlink circuitry came to life in his retina as the induction pad in his palm connected with the sensors in the pommel of the large pistol. With his hand wrapped firmly around the hilt of his Guardian, he moved away from the noise, keeping out of sight behind a row of dilapidated cars. Down the street he spied a gang war raging. The Outlaws and the Halloweeners were at it again, desperately fighting over turf. This wasn't an unusual thing for the Redmond district of downtown Seattle, but it was getting too close for his comfort.

Crossing the street he stopped short as a Rolls-Royce Phaeton pulled up in his path. The limousine's rear door opened and a female voice wafted onto the street, "Get In!"

Looking over his shoulder at the nearing gangs, the figure shrugged and slid into the plush interior of the limousine. The door closed as he landed on the cushioned rear bench of the Phaeton. Raising his head, his eyes landed on a pair of shapely legs. Continuing his ascent his vision ran over the gorgeous figure of this mysterious female, up her slender neck, and finally came to land on a beautiful pair of steel blue-gray eyes. The pointed ears and delicate features gave away her elven heritage. To the right and left of the elf were two males who had large firearms leveled at the newcomer. Checking himself, he removed his hand from his coat and laid it in his lap carefully. The bodyguards of the elf lowered their weapons but kept them trained upon him.

The woman, who seemed to have been sizing him up, spoke in a melodical and sultry voice, "Mr. Morgan I presume?" she asked with a slight smile.

"Ya, I'm Morgan, " he replied cautiously. "Who's askin?"

The limo began to purr as it pulled back onto the street. "My name, Mr. Morgan," she said with a contemptuous smile, "is Lotus. My employer, Mr. Johnson," she continued. "is in dire need of your services," she finished raising an attractive eyebrow.

'A real smooth talker,' Morgan thought to himself. 'She's up with all the street lingo, and has the hired muscle to back it up. Must be a fixer, or she could be working for some corp. but then, who wasn't nowadays.' Morgan frowned. He didn't like this, he didn't like this one bit. Not only did he not know where he was going, but he also didn't know how the drek he got himself into these slotting messes.

'Fraggit all,' he thought, 'I shoulda taken my chances with the motherfraggin' gangs.'

The elven woman cleared her throat, "Mr. Morgan?"

Morgan looked from the window where he had been staring blindly. Quickly he mentally reviewed the conversation up to this point and brought himself up to speed. Attempting to look professional he decided to play it cool.

"What kind of services?" he asked in a businesslike tone.

To say that Morgan was a professional, would have been true a few years ago. But life as a shadowrunner is tough, and one frag-up can blow your whole career and meal ticket in one fell swoop.

Morgan had never been the get rich quick type. That is until he let that fraggin slotter of a rigger talk him into one of the worst schemes ever. Greed. Greed had made him frag over his entire team that night, and for what; a few lousy nuyen.

"Well Mr. Morgan," Lotus continued. "My employer needs you to perform an acquisition."

Morgan looked from the window again, "Personal or Goods?"

"Goods, I assure you. My employer finds the former far too messy for his taste."

Morgan replied with a grunt and a nod. Goods smuggling was still a little tricky, but it was a walk down easy street compared to the drek that you have to deal with when you move a body. Gear doesn't panic and go berserk on you. At least there was an upside.

"What's the target?"

"The target, Mr. Morgan, is an electronic marvel. Unfortunately that is all I can disclose to you at this time. However you *will* be informed in more detail at a later date."

He nodded in understanding. "What's the security like?" he asked coldly. Inside he was worried. Most corporations had a small army and possible paracritters backing up their security teams.

"Well," replied Lotus, "I assumed that you would already be familiar with the Renraku Corporation's security."

"Renraku!" spat Morgan, alarm visibly springing up inside him. Renraku had one of the heaviest security teams around. He knew personally, he'd been up against them a few years ago.

That dreking rigger had talked Morgan into this bonehead plan. "Don't worry," he said, "None of them will suspect a thing," He had been so damn cocky. Morgan had gone against every code he had set for himself when he started the biz. All for a few thousand nuyen. It was the money, plain and simple, that had made him betray his entire team that night. When he got back he lived pretty well, at least until his own guilt consumed him and led him to the burned-out waste of flesh he was today. The nuyen he had made had barely been enough to cover the change of identity, and the bribes to get the bounty hunters off his back. He had paid dearly for that night.

"Renraku," he said again more calmly. "Yeah, I know about Renraku." He pushed down the pain and hatred that welled up inside him. Forcing a passive tone he asked, "How much does it pay?"

"My employer has agreed to pay 30,000 nuyen for the run, he is also willing to outfit you with any gear you might require."

Morgan nodded, "I'm gonna need backup. Is yer employer gonna cover that?"

"Certainly Mr. Morgan. My employer has already lined up two talented individuals to assist you. He has also asked that I give you this," she said drawing a wristphone, and a credstik from a pocket in one of her bodyguards' jackets. "My employer wishes that I give you these as a show of good faith. You have a week to assemble the rest of your team. Until then."

Morgan nodded and took the credstik and the phone from Lotus, checking the balance on the stik he noticed the 5000 nuyen on the LCD readout. Peering out the window he also noticed that the car had stopped moving. The human to Lotus' right opened the door for him, motioning with his hand cannon for Morgan to get out of the vehicle. As he stepped out onto the cracked sidewalk again he heard that same sultry voice waft out of the car. "We will see you again Mr. Morgan."

He watched as the limo pulled away and drove of down the street before taking note of his surroundings. Looking behind him, he spied the abandoned squat that he called home. Walking up the steps to his doss he was hit with a pang of fear. It had been years since he had done anything like this, and he was horribly out of shape. His hand went to his belly, the once toned and firm muscles, were now flabby and soft from underuse and sythahol abuse.

Entering his doss he was nagged by paranoia. Why would anyone hire a washed up runner to do a raid on a corp. that he botched a few years ago? The hairs on the back of his neck stood on end. He had a bad feeling about this.

Pushing the thoughts from his mind he began to wrack his now throbbing brain for the LTG# of a sorcerer chummer that owed him a favor. Dialing the number he figured was the closest thing he waited, hoping it was right. It rang and rang for a good ten minutes.

Finally annoyance got the better of Morgan's patience. "Motherfragger!" he spat reaching for the disconnect button.

From the blank screen of the wall vidphone a sleepy voice said, "What'd you call me?"

Morgan snatched back his hand and looked at the blank screen. "Hey, is that you Haze? How ya doin' chummer?"

The voice on the other end mumbled something derogatory. Morgan flipped on his vidscreen showing his face.

"Well, well, if it isn't ol' Burn-Out," the voice said mockingly.

Morgan inwardly scowled, but kept his face passive. Haze may have been the biggest dreking slotter in Seattle, but Morgan needed him. Besides, Haze knew about life on the streets, and he was as experienced as Morgan if not more. Morgan also knew that if he tried to take on a corp. like Renraku with a bunch of rookies they'd all get themselves slotted.

"Yeah, hello Haze," he replied with a phony smile. "So how are the kids?"

Haze turned on his vidscreen, displaying an overweight, middle-aged dwarf, who was sneering coldly at Morgan. "Cut the drek chummer, whadd'ya want?"

'Direct and to the point as usual.' Morgan smiled for real. "Well chummer, an associate of mine has asked for my services, and I needed some magic support. Are ya interested in a goods 'Snatch and Grab?'"

"Now that all depends omae, who's the target and how much does it pay?" Haze said with a half-smile on his fat face.

"The pay is 30,000 nuyen. The Johnson wants me and a couple of friends to acquire some electronic doohicky from the Renraku Corporation."

"Renraku!?!" Haze looked astonished. "You got

some kind of death wish with that place or something?"

Morgan frowned, "Do you want the nuyen or not?" he asked voice flat.

Haze pondered a moment, scratching his hairless and obese chin. "Well 30,000 is a little lower than I'm used to, but I think I can do it this once."

Morgan knew he could do it. The truth was that Haze hadn't had a job for a couple of months now and he was beginning to hit the hard times. Nodding with another phony smile on his face Morgan said, "Okay chummer, I'll call you later this week so that we can set up the meet. It seems that the Johnson is supplying some of his own goons to assist us."

Haze nodded and lit a nicostik, with a smile he hit the disconnect button blanking the screen.

Morgan let out a sigh and rubbed his eyes. He sat on a ratty cushion and blinked at his fatigue. His muscles ached and his head was pounding from the after effects of the synthahol. Resting his head on the dirty carpet he closed his eyes and slept.

The sound of the vidphone ringing, made Morgan spring to his feet with his Guardian in hand. The nightmare replaying again in his head. Peering about in the dim light he laughed at himself and holstered his gun. Walking to the wall he pressed the answer button. On the vidscreen was an attractive female face. She looked to be human, except for the tiny tusks that protruded from her bottom jaw. The pretty ork had almond eyes like a cat. Morgan sat locked in that gaze for a few moments before she spoke.

"You Morgan?" she scowled.

"That depends on who you are," he replied.

"My name is Zen. Lotus said you needed help," she said with a chuckle.

"Lotus said that eh?" He must have looked displeased because her scowl deepened, if that was possible.

"Look Morgan, I like this drek about as much as you do, so let's just talk shop okay?"

Morgan liked her already. Giving her another look over he took in the large dragon tattoo that used the dual datajacks in her temple for eyes, and the tool shop in the background of the vidscreen. 'Some kind of techie,' he thought. 'Maybe a Decker.' "So Zen, what do you do?"

"I fix things; electronics are my specialty. I can get you past any maglok ever made," she smiled prettily, pleased with herself. "I also run the 'trix."

"Did Lotus send anyone else?"

Zen scowled again, banishing the attractive smile. "Natch, some trog rigger, that goes by the handle 'Jester,' or something goofy like that."

A new grinning face pushed it's way onto the screen. "Dat's me chummer; Jester!" The large troll took a brief bow, which shoved Zen farther back into the tool shop.

Stifling a laugh, Morgan smiled. 'Only in Seattle he thought.' "You ever done any Security rigging?"

"A bit, but mostly I like da drones," replied Jester happily.

Morgan suggested meeting to make preparations. Jester agreed and promised to bring along Zen, who looked reluctant. After disconnecting, Morgan called Haze again to inform him of the meet.

Morgan was halfway through his soykaf and Haze was halfway through a dozen donuts at the little coffee shop on I-5, when Jester's Ford Canada Bison pulled up out front. Morgan tapped Haze on the arm and pointed out the window. Haze looked up with a mouthful of cruller and glanced in the direction Morgan was pointing.

"That them?" mumbled Haze spitting bits of cruller onto the plastiwood table at which they sat.

Morgan nodded and raised a hand of greeting to them through the window.

"Cute," said Haze after swallowing.

Morgan smiled to the pair as the sat in the vacant chairs at the small table. Jester grinned, and Zen gave a mock smile before fiddling with some tools on what looked to be a small circuit board. Morgan made introductions around the table, to which Zen only grunted and muttered something about "modifying conversion power by four amps." Morgan smiled to himself. He explained the run to his new teammates as he knew it. Every once in a while Zen would nod and mumble her understanding. After finishing a fresh soykaf, they all agreed to meet on Friday to make the final arrangements and to meet with Lotus.

On the Friday they all met at a safehouse that was set up through one of Haze's contacts. Everyone was in their best dressed. Morgan had spent the night at a bed and breakfast. After a shave and a haircut, he bought new clothes and had polished and cleaned his Salvalette Guardian. Haze was dressed in some finely cut clothing that managed to conceal his massive girth. Jester was sitting on one of beds wearing tailored armor clothing, his Remmington 990 shotgun sitting in his lap. Zen was decked out in black fatigues and an army hat that covered the tops of her ears; her hair was pulled back into a ponytail. A cyberdeck was slung across her back, and a small tool kit lay at her feet. It was close to 8:00 when the call came from Lotus.

After introducing themselves, Lotus took down all of the supplies that they required for the run. "I can have those to your location within the hour," she said. "Now here are the specs. on the item you will be acquiring." Typing something on a keypad offscreen, a smaller vidwindow popped up in the corner of the vid. A small rotating jet black cyberdeck appeared. "This is the Renraku Raider, the fastest cyberdeck in existence, and with a MPCP of 16 it is also one of the toughest. This prototype model is the only one in existence, and with a response increase rating of 4, it doesn't take a genius to see why it is so valuable to my employer. We need you to acquire this technological marvel, and return it to its rightful owner. After acquisition you must destroy any remaining documents in reference to the prototype. Failure is not an option."

Morgan was mentally memorizing when he noticed Zen staring at the pop-up vidwindow and looked to be salivating.

Lotus wished them all luck and left with Morgan a LTG# that she could be reached at after the run. The vidscreen disconnected snapping Zen out of her trance. She looked around her and blushed prettily. Morgan's brow furrowed as he began to notice her more female charms. Aside from her tough exterior she was still a girl at heart. He gazed over her pleasant curves and well muscled form. She turned back to them and caught him looking at her. She flushed in embarrassment, and then in anger.

"What are you looking at?" she said coldly.

Morgan shrugged and attempted to conceal his own embarrassment, when a knock came at the door. Instantly the runners took up strategic positions around the room.

"Delivery!" called a male voice from the other side of the door.

Drawing his Guardian, Morgan flung open the door and jammed the pistol in the waiting figure's face. The young delivery boy went stark white and held very still.

"Uh, MMÉ Mr. Morgan?" he stammered.

"That's me chummer."

"PPÉpackage for you, ssir."

Motioning for Jester to get the large box from the hallway, Morgan smiled at the kid and signed for the package.

"Thanks chummer," he said as Jester carried in the box. With a wink, Morgan closed the door in the kid's face. Holstering the pistol once again, he went through the box distributing the gear and getting it all prepared.

The four climbed into Jester's Bison and peeled off down the street. The engine whined as the turbocharging kicked in. As they neared the Renraku Facility, Morgan thanked fate for the overcast night. Not even the moon could penetrate the cloak of darkness that fell over the city.

Parking in a remote location a few blocks away, the four figures stole off into the night towards the unsuspecting compound. Like four shadows they drifted through the alleys ever nearing the fence lined walls that protected the Renraku building.

Cutting easily through the chain link fence, the four slipped past a passing patrol unseen due to an invisibility spell cast by Haze. They came to a security door that would grant them access to the building. Everyone held their breath as Zen fiddled with the maglok. Sliding the panel off she tripped the opening mechanism by short circuiting the master control. The door slid open with a quiet hiss. Morgan steadied himself, pushing down feelings of fear and anxiety as he drew his Guardian. Haze dropped the spell that hid them from view. The team looked at each other and paused briefly as if to give a silent 'Good Luck' to one another. Morgan motioned the others inside and looked at the compound behind him.

All his old memories came rushing back, the fear, the gunfire, the screams as his teammates were cut down. The smell of blood. The sick maniacal laughter from the rigger. He had tried to get Morgan too, but Morgan was too quick for him. He blew that motherfragger's head clean off. It served him right the sick bastard.

He shuddered. Trying to clear his mind of old memories he took a deep breath.

Zen laid a hand on his shoulder, "Hey you coming or what?" She whispered.

He nodded entering the dimly lit hallway he closed the door behind him, knowing that it was now or never he had to set things right...

$$$ Available For Special Projects

From: Council on Student Services - Enhancement Fund
Purpose: For projects enhancing student life at UTSC i.e. club events, cultural events or artistic presentations etc.

This is an opportunity to provide student initiatives extra funding!

Who qualifies for the student enhancement fund??
Please refer to **http://www.utsc.utoronto.ca/~css/** for more information.
Or the Office of Student Affaires and Services

Project Submission Deadlines:

1. **Monday, January 21st, 2003**
2. **Monday, March 18th, 2003**

arts arts

UTSC's *Normality* set to stage at U of T Drama Fest

by Keith Friedlander
Arts Editor

The University of Toronto Drama Festival will be returning to Hart House Theatre next week for its four-night run of original one-act plays. With eleven different projects selected from nine different drama organizations throughout U of T, the festival promises to be an eclectic and interesting collection of performances. Last Saturday Hart House held their initial workshop where the different presenting groups were lectured about the festival's schedule and procedure, and given advice on advertising and promoting the festival on their own campuses.

The workshop was also an opportunity for the different groups to show a sample scene from their plays. Amongst the different samples was a creative simulation of a subway ride by the Victoria College Drama Society that will be seen in their play Move It, as well as an intriguing scene by the St. Michael's College Drama Society that revisited Ibsen's Doll's House in their own rendition called Henrik's House. But perhaps my (biased) favorite was the comedic conversation between a hyper literary agent and an unsuspecting apartment resident in UTSC's sole submission, Normality.

The Underground had a chance to speak with Matt Riley, co-writer and director of Normality, about the play, the festival and writing in general. "Basically it's an absurdist type play where there's a lot of confusion about events that happen. People get blamed for people doing things to other people," Matt explained. Following Joe and Dana, two housemates whose apartment is constantly barged in on by their neighbours, Matt described Normality as a circle of complicated blame. The big twist? The play proceeds in reverse, beginning with the conclusion and working backwards. "Its just kind of strange like that, it goes in a weird fashion," Matt continued. "And its basically about people who don't care about important things at all, people who just care about superficial things."

Normality is an older project of Matt's that he wrote with his friend Ethan Cole for last year's Sear's Drama Festival. Not satisfied with the play's previous attempt, Matt is more confident that this year it will be done right. "... hopefully it will be a lot better this time. I have a stage director, technical director, it'll be good," said Matt, going on to explain that the U of T Drama Festival is a far more organized event than other festivals. "Either the production would be really good and there wouldn't be an original script, or they'd have an original script and the rest would be mediocre. But in this one you pretty much have to be really good at everything and you can't fuck around. This is very serious."

Matt also has some big shoes to fill being the only UTSC submission in the festival this year. Last year the UTSC Drama Society won the awards for Best Production and Technical Achievement, helping Erindale sweep the downtown campus in the five different award categories. They also went on to take part in the Canadian Universities Drama Festival. He seemed confident though, saying "... it's a lot more serious, and its turning it up a notch. Because everything has to be good with this to win, and that's what we're here to do, win."

The Drama Festival will be starting next Wednesday, January 22 at 7:30 p.m. and will be running until Saturday, January 25. There will be three plays an evening at the Hart House Theatre and the tickets will be $12 ($10 for students), a fair price to pay for a number of great performances. Normality will be the third play performed on the Thursday of the festival.

As for Matt, he's already working on a number of play scripts for future projects, but he's more excited about the writing he plans to get done over the summer. "I'm working on two or three different plays, but they're all... they're not too great. But hopefully this summer I'm going to write a British murder mystery and put that in next year's festival. Hopefully."

Review

Chronic

Written by: Linda Griffiths
Directed by: Simon Heath
Featuring: Caroline Gillis, Brooke Johnson, Holly Lewis, J.D. Nicholsen, Eric Peterson and Graeme Summerville
Playing at the Factory Theatre (125 Bathurst St.) January 4th to February 2nd

Julianne Baragar

It is the age of the virus. Human Immunodeficiency Virus. West Nile Virus. ILoveYou Virus. In her new play, Chronic, Linda Griffiths attempts to link the technological to the biological in an unintelligible fantasy of chronic illness and computer crashes.

Petra (Caroline Gillis) is a thirty-something cyber queen, suffering from a thoroughly anti-dramatic illness that resembles Chronic Fatigue Syndrome. Though she is often too tired to leave her bed, she continues to work sporadically for a dot-com venture as a Flash designer. There, she is surrounded by her overzealous boss Oscar (Graeme Somerville), the young and pert Amber (Holly Lewis), and Chris (J.D. Nicholsen), her lover and nursemaid. Throughout the show, these characters obsess over her illness while she undergoes treatment administered by the bizarre physician/naturopath Diane (Brooke Johnson).

Chronic stumbles through tired scenes of illness, frantic computer crashes, sensual treatments, and sexual bedside companionship to a conclusion that neither surprises nor resolves. Griffiths has too much to say about our viral reality, and fails to develop a coherent thesis. The audience is left to deal with a mess of political and social commentary with no dramatic thread.

The one redeeming element of the production, and of Griffiths' script, is the character of the Virus, played by Eric Peterson. He is old, he is nimble, he is sensual, he is desperate and he is a thrill to watch. The Virus hides behind a wall of plastic strips that form a backdrop to the large, blue and purple bed consuming the stage. There, he shimmys around and oozes out Griffiths' most interesting speeches, emerging every so often to negotiate with his host body.

Though Chronic has moments of humour and eerie ecstasy, it is proof that a play about an unshakeable virus is no more interesting or enjoyable than having such a virus oneself.

Is it Making Sense yet?

MAKING SENSE is an inexpensive and indispensable guide for students writing essays, reports, and exams for any subject. It includes information on doing:

- research in the library
- using illustrations in essays and reports
- giving oral presentations
- writing tests and exams
- using graphic presentation software
- and much more!

Purchase a copy in your campus bookstore before you start your next research essay or before your next exam!

Also Available:

Making Sense: Geography & Environmental Sciences

Making Sense: Psychology & the Life Sciences

Making Sense: Social Sciences

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS CANADA
70 WYNFORD DRIVE, DON MILLS, ON M3C 1J9
WWW.OUP.COM/CA

life

Drama Society packs Student Village Centre

for an evening of coffee, snacks, karaoke, and performance

by Chris McKinnon
Editor-in-Chief

Garth strikes a pose after his performance of "King of the Clubs".

The robot and his boy take a moment to hug The Underground's Ayshia Degia.

It was standing-room only last Wednesday at the Drama Society's Talent Night, held in conjunction with the Residence LINK Programme's annual FROST Week. FROST participants, dramaphiles and others filled the Student Village Centre to catch a glimpse of their friends on-stage trying to recreate Top 40 melodies. The karaoke challenge withered a little for want of a good stiff drink, but as the evening got on the crowd loosened up and the singing and performances became more energetic. While Drama Society events usually make use of the Leigha Leah Brown Theatre, the Village Centre's layout (with a built in bar/cafe) served the coffee-house atmosphere well.

Notable exceptions to the otherwise rusty karaoke performances were the residents of E-block belting out "Jailhouse Rock" and a touching duet between a robot and his boy. Levity was provided throughout the evening by the usual cast of Drama Society cronies: the comedy stylings of Merika Ramundo and Paula Forst, and the panel of karaoke judges that was Dave Burton and Nisha Bedi.

Guest appearances included an original song and dance performance by Garth Jensen, entitled *King of the Clubs*, and a return engagement by UTSC alumnus Noyan Hilmi, who is currently promoting a new CD and playing later this month (January 29th) at The Horseshoe Tavern (on Queen West). Check out Noyan (a.k.a noyz) online at: http://www.noyz.8m.com

Ayshia and Residence Advisor Jess Bird offer up some treats...

The opinionated Merika Ramundo tries her hand art stand-up comedy.

Rez-rats gather in the Village Centre, for music, coffee and fun....

How to Get Off to A Good Start

by Meghan Hurley
Underground Staff

Being a university student is one of the most complex and demanding jobs there is. What other job do you know of that requires you to learn large quantities of information, write reports and essays routinely to be graded on their quality, meet deadlines, recall from memory previously learned material and do work to others' exact specifications? Very few employment positions require you to take on such tedious and time-consuming tasks. For students balancing a full course load and part-time work, what can be suggested to lower the stress levels of exhausted, over worked students at University of Toronto? The 7-step model of success is the answer to eliminate all-nighters, caffeine addictions and nervous breakdowns.

The staff at UTSC's Advising and Career Centre, located in the S-Wing, on the third level by the Registrar's Office, suggests the following seven-step model of success to reach your academic goals, without falling into the common pitfall of procrastination.

First and foremost, you must examine your identity. Is neuropsychology really a program you want to study for four years of your life? You have to answer this question in relation to your strengths, weaknesses and skills. Once you have established what your identity is, and what you would like to spend the rest of your life doing, you can move onto the goal setting stage of the success

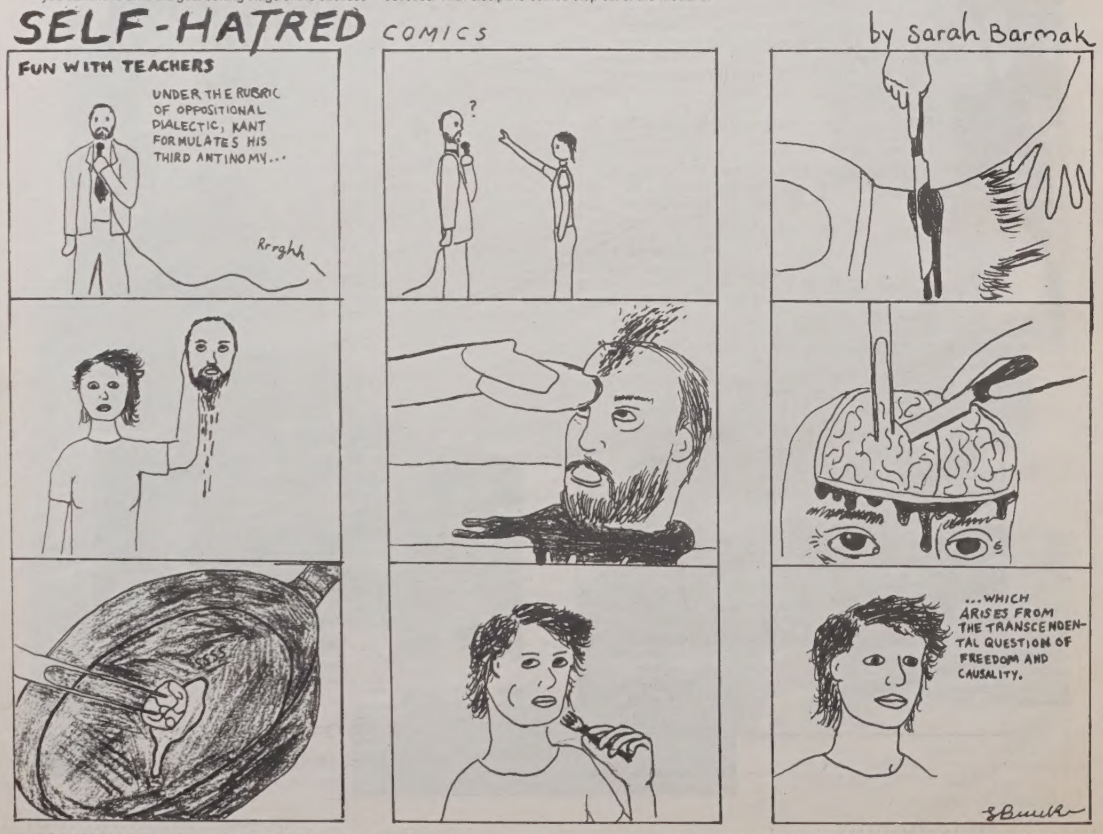
How will setting goals help to ensure academic success for students? If you are not here because your parents forced you to attend a post secondary institution, then you are here to ensure your acceptance into graduate school, or a certain profession. You have to determine what your goals are, and where you want to be four years from now after finishing your degree. Deciding what goals will be possible to aspire to will contribute to your success in university, as well as beyond the walls of UTSC.

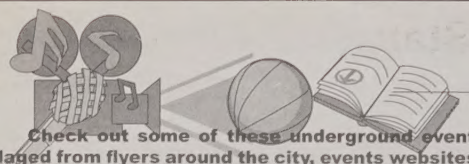
According to the Career Centre, you must next develop a plan of action. You do not want to define a plan of action that you are unable to implement because of inadequate time, energy or money. You must be able to carry out the action plan you develop, or you will not be able to find your way to academic success. Motivation is step four of the success model that you must take into consideration. You must have a desire to get out of bed each morning so that you may take the next step in your plan of action in order to overcome adversity and be successful.

Once motivation kicks you into gear, you must practice the art of discipline. Do not succumb to procrastination or temporary setbacks. Starting a major research essay the night before it is due will not lead you to success. With discipline comes step six of the model of success, flexibility. You have to modify your strategies, whether that refers to study habits or research methods, and adapt your action plan when changes occur. If you fail an exam because you studied the lecture notes without opening the textbook, you may change your plan of action to memorize the textbook for your next exam.

The final, and most gratifying stage in the model of success is reaching an outcome. Finally finishing a semester, graduating university, or even just completing an assignment is step seven of the model. Instead of getting stressed out over school just follow these steps and you will work your way toward a degree and a profession.

Along with these helpful tips, you may also want to consider time management. In order to avoid doing work at the last minute you should develop a weekly schedule of tests, assignments and work hours. This will help you determine when you will have time to complete, without rushing, all of the weekly tasks that you have been bombarded with. In addition to a daily or weekly to-do-list, it may be helpful to prepare a long-term list of work tasks so you can adequately prepare for the completion of it.





events

Check out some of these underground events... The following is a listing of events information pillaged from flyers around the city, events websites and other low-key or hard-to-find places. If you know of an event that might benefit from a little bit of buzz (i.e. Ticketmaster is not involved) let us know by sending an email with "EVENTS" in the subject line to: *undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca*

***The Underground* and its staff do not guarantee any information printed in this listing. Do to the often sketchy nature of such events, the details are liable to change, or be outright false. Make use of any contact information provided beforehand.... and otherwise, have fun!**

Ongoing. Jan/Feb Mambo Italiano. "Coming out has never been so much fun."
Elgin Theater. Info at 416.593.4142.

Ongoing. Writing Center Seminars. A must attend for most UTSC students. Topics include passive sentences, introductions and conclusions, thesis statements, and conjunctions. Check your local wall for an ad or the Writing center in the Library for more information (date, time, topics)

Ongoing. Be involved in human rights. Hope-Cards are currently posted on Amnesty International's bulletin boards across from the H-wing cafeteria, as well as outside B-505. Stop by and sign them.

Ongoing. Be a statistic! Sign up for psychology experiments outside of S-319. Promote human understanding. Sometimes they give you money...

Ongoing. Play chess - Chess Challenge Club.
www.utsc.utoronto.ca/~chess

Jan 6-15 MORAL FIBRE: Dress Codes From Purity to Wickedness From the Victorian wedding gowns to fetish wear, *Moral Fibre* reveals the ways in which textiles and clothing convey messages about good, evil, guilt and innocence. Textile Museum of Canada (55 Centre St.)

NOW UNTIL JAN 15 BADART Miklos Legrady, 310 Bathurst. 416-203-1846.

Jan 15 Wine and Cheese Social. Brought to you by the ABCS. 5-7PM. Come meet your Professors and T.A.s in a more comfortable setting.

Jan 15 OIP Info session12-2 in S-403. Find out more about 2003 Ontario Internship Program. All day info table in the meeting place.

Jan 16, 17, 18 2003 Toronto Youth Safety Symposium. Make the city safe for kids. Metro Hall (55 John St.) Free, but registration is required. See www.toronto.ca/youthsym for more information.

Jan 16 Knowledge Media Design: Creating New Knowledge Infrastructures. The Lecture Theatre, Room BA1190 [1st floor]. Bahen Centre for Information Technology. 40 St. George St. 4-5:30PM. More info at www.kmdi.utoronto.ca.

Jan 16, 17, 18 2003 Toronto Youth Safety Symposium. Make the city safe for kids. Metro Hall (55 John St.) Free, but registration is required. See www.toronto.ca/youthsym for more information.

Jan. 17 Ski trip. Sign up in the Meeting Place. $20 ski and $30 snowboard for ABCS members. Non-members $25 and $30.

Jan 17 A Journey to God. Put on by the Thaqalayn Muslim Association. 6: 15 to 9:45, free. Guest speakers Dr. Wright, Dr. Liakat Takim, and Raheel Raza. More info and reserve seats at www.utsc.thaqalayn.org.

Jan 17 Rui Umezawa reading. Noon in B516.

NOW UNTIL JAN 17 Theatre posters: Worth A Thousand Words $8, students $5. **DESIGN EXCHANGE** (234 Bay). 416-216-2160.

Jan 18 SMERK presents Hardkore Pi feat DJ's C64, Skeeter, Antigen Shift, Flatline Construct and many more. 294 College St. (Oasis). 9PM-???, $8, 19+

Jan 18 Aatma. A Journey to the Soul. Toronto Center for the Arts. Find more information at www.aatma.ca. tickets available through Ticketmaster. 416.410.5086

Jan 19 Toronto DARK WRITERS GROUP Meetings All interested in literary arts are welcome. 7-8:30 pm Tequila Bookworm (490 Queen St. W.). Free. Contact squinlan@bpal.com for information.

Jan.20 Amnesty International Cafe: Human Rights for Girls! feat. Spirit Wind. Victory Cafe, 581 Markham Street.

Jan. 21 "Questioning Your Sexual Identity" workshop. Gay? Queer? Anxious? Bisexual? Confused? Lesbian? Transgendered? Curious? Creatively explore your sexual identity... Group Room A, Counseling and Learning Services, Koffler Student Services Building, 214 College St. 5 - 7pm. Call Marilyn or Scott for more info 416-978-0374.

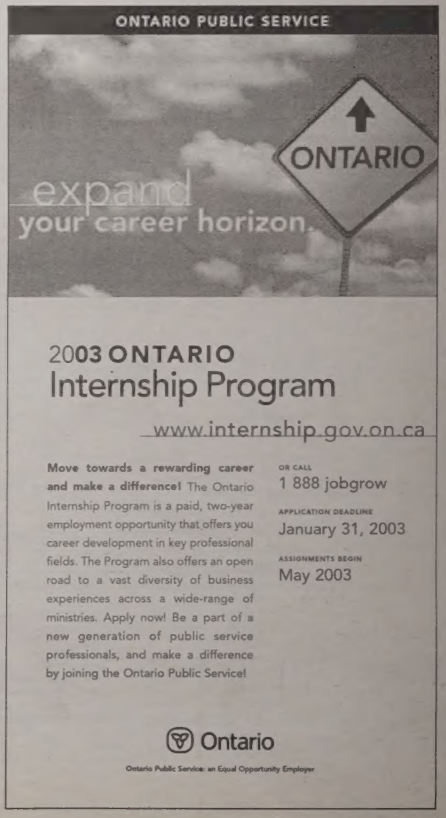
Jan. 23 Drum Social, Native Canadian Centre of Toronto. 16 Spadina Rd. North of Bloor. 7 - 9pm.

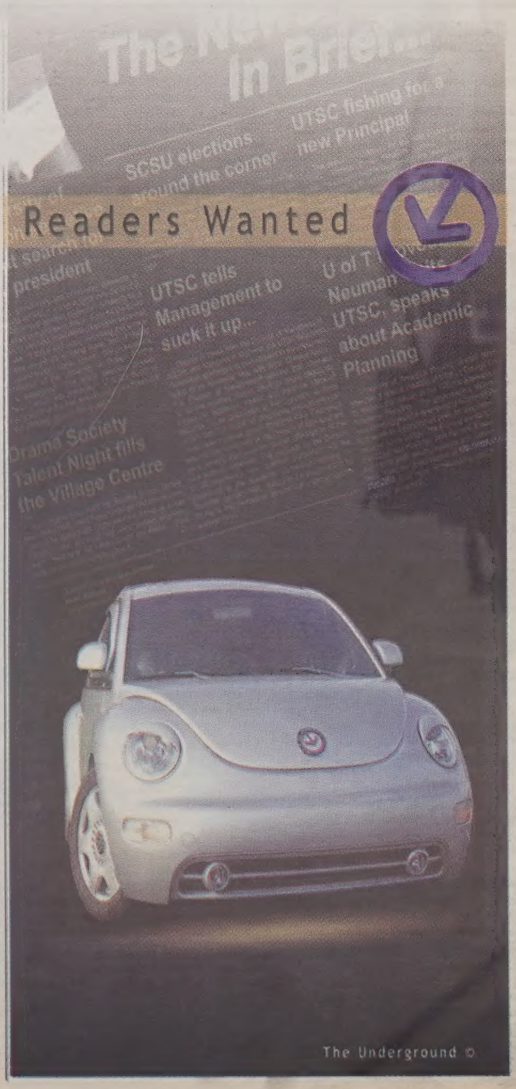
Jan 24 Diya...the Flame that Lights the Soul. Put on by the Pakistani Students Association. All welcome. Strictly Formal event. More info at www.psautsc.tk, or call Sophia at 416.995.3344. Tickets $35+. Woodbine Banquet and Convention hall.

Jan 25 PLEASURES OF SIN feat. DJ's Patrick DSP, Philth, Remedi, Apathy and more. 298 Brunswick (Labyrinth). $5, 19+, 10PM-3AM

Jan 28 JENG YI (Korean Drum Ensemble). The Cultural Affairs Music Committee presents MUSIC OF ALL LATITUDES. 6PM in the Meeting Place. PYWC.

Jan 30-ongoing. Co-ed Naked Interhouse Volley Ball. Well, not really naked. But sign up anyway. Put together a team of 6-10 for $20 at the Athletic center service desk. Games last all semester and are on Thursdays from 4-7.


ONTARIO PUBLIC SERVICE
ONTARIO
expand
your career horizon.
2003 ONTARIO
Internship Program
www.internship.gov.on.ca
Move towards a rewarding career and make a difference! The Ontario Internship Program is a paid, two-year employment opportunity that offers you career development in key professional fields. The Program also offers an open road to a vast diversity of business experiences across a wide-range of ministries. Apply now! Be a part of a new generation of public service professionals, and make a difference by joining the Ontario Public Service!
OR CALL
1 888 jobgrow
APPLICATION DEADLINE
January 31, 2003
ASSIGNMENTS BEGIN
May 2003
Ontario
Ontario Public Service: an Equal Opportunity Employer


SCSU elections around the corner
UTSC fishing for a new Principal
Readers Wanted
UTSC tells Management to suck it up
Drama Society Talent Night fills the Village Centre
UTSC, speaks about Academic Planning
The Underground ©

Scarborough Campus Students' Union

SCSU

Invites You To

Get Involved

Get Elected!

The Following Positions Are Available:

President
Vice-President Academics
Vice-President Operations
Vice-President Students
Social Activities Officer
Clubs Officer
Computer & Mathematical Sciences Representative
Humanities Representative
Life Sciences Representative
Management Representative
Social Sciences Representative
Physical & Environmental Sciences Representative

Nomination Period: Jan 28 - Feb 13
For more info visit the SCSU office (B330) or www.scsu.ca